and not alone my trembling heart to thrill With its old benedictions, sweet as when I learned them, moved and awed, as though the pea

Of Luke, and John, and Paul were writing They tell me all is on the new-made page

Inscribed by holy men of old, the same, Transmitted at the most in form or name But how can I the dear old words forget? The dearer far because they stand alone, With earth's profaner speech in contrast shown

No wiser men, and none of purer heart, They tell me, can the sun's great eye discern More fain the Holy Ghost's intent to learn Than they of East and West, who bore their

In purging the old text with patient art. And aim, to make its inward glory burn, And from its chalice, as from sun's bright urn New streams of sacred light unclouded start. Ah, for the children this may come to pass For they may drink from these new cups at

But I, who at the olden fount was nursed, Shall stumble at the modern phrase, alas! Spare me the hallowed Book as writ of old-I am content to keep th' ungilded gold!

THE HAMMOCK.

In the purple-tinted twilight Dreamily she swang, my love, my queen, In the west some streak of high light Lighted up the scene. Oh, the hammock held her closely

In its stupid, sense'ess cord embrace, And I wished I might jocosely Take the hammock's place. One small foot-the mashes show it-Slender, graceful, arched I saw it well;

She, poor darling, didn't know it, And I didn't tell. And a fountain unassuming

Rippled near at hand its life away; Flowers were blooming and perfuming In its gentle spray. So I swung her in the twilight, While we watched the coming of the stars,

In the dusk no light but my light, Rather my eigar's. All is past now. In the attic Hangs the hammock, damaged a good deal

By a hole, large and erratic, Made by her French heel. Dead is each flower which once so lightly Held toward the spray its little cup:

And the fountain once so sprightly,

Now is frozen up. And the girl, the lovely vision, Whom to think of yet my poor heart melts, Darly came to the decision To wed some one else.

A LOTUS DREAM.

Sitting by the fire in dreamy languor on a dull October evening. Over against the window pane on which the sleet is weaving fantastic figures, stands a girlish figure stamping her foot and looking out on the dull, leaden-colored sky. The crispy logs burn brightly, and man as I am and thirty, I turn to watch the fair profile at the window. By and by she comes toward me, and stands by my side, warming ber fair hands at the fire. They are symmetri-cal hands, white and small; her bosom rises and falls, and a sigh as gentle as the zephyr winds in summer goes out and away. Before me is the picture of a fair lady of twenty-three, and by my side on the table is a letter to her I have just finished. I show it to the little maiden and she reads and sighs again.

Then she says:
"You are going down there and you and Miss Lulie will marry sure enough, Mr. Walter. And you'll bring her back here and keep this room. And when you come, I would like to be a fly crawling around the ceiling.'
Why, Pappoose?

"To watch your happiness and tickle your noses, perhaps." And away she flew, to help her mamma about her

household duties.

The scene is in the South land, no matter where. I am a writer gathering up incidents for an article in a leading magazine, or at least I came here for that purpose, and have prolonged my stay indefinitely. I have stopped with a widow lady, Mrs. Mahonis, and Laura is her only child, whom I have nick-named Pappoose. With Southern precocity, she is a woman while yet a child. Fair complexion, with dark hair and passionate, dreamy eyes, she is a picture an artist would love for a model, and a picture I love for its own sake.

Too young to understand such love, her mother said to me to-day. "I never intend Laura shall marry until she is twenty-two."

And my heart sank, for I thought it I have been carrying on a correspond-

ence with a friend in my native village, a widow, and I show all my letters to Pappoose. She is the Lulie I am soon to visit.

Loved, practical winter, with the shadows of night about it; November with her sere leaves, and chill winds about us. Inside the rooms of a pleasant mansion. Lutie is attired in a seal brown satin, with the glory of roses in her dress, the glory of lilies in her hair. I have just arrived, and go about the ball-room with Lulie on my arm. I am proud of her and she of me; and though there are no wedded vows between us. I wonder if my little Pappoose shall ever be a fly, and crawl around our rooms. No. I love the child with the dark hair

Out is the conservatory, with the per-fume of exotic plants about us, the warm air of a hot-house to comfort us,

and the dreamy eyes better than I do

warm air of a hot-house to comfort us, I say:

"Lulie, yo have been good to me, and I though I loved you, but I don't, my friend. Yours is not the love that would make my recent popule happy. I love a child—a child-wo, an, fair, darkeyed and dheamy, better than I do you."

"Oh, Walter, hush! My poor heart will break. Listen." And I heard the blood beat in her heart like the echo of a tiny cataract.

a tiny cataract. lays her head upon my shoulder,

and I forgot my child love.

"Walter, you do not mean it! My dream has been such a happy one!"

And her head nestled closer to my bosom

lips, and a softly spoken "good-by," and she is gone. February has come. I am again in my village retreat. Pappoose is just fifteen. I am lounging on the gallery watching the fairy figure making snow-balls in the yard. This time she is very shy of me. I have been here a week, and save a few hurried words, have not spoken to her; and yet I came solely on her account. I begin to wonder if I have made a fool of myself, and if some vil-

lage boy has already won her heart. I am nervous, excitable and passionate, and sitting here, watching the sweet profile, the studious brown, the long lashes and the wealth of raven tresses covering her like a mantle, I get mad, tip over my chair, and walk away to the stable to my dear old Dan, a gallant roadster, and am soon sweeping away madly down the rough village road. Man, and such a fool!

A pleasant ride changes my thoughts, and I come back to meet Pappoose on the gallery, with a tiny nosegay, which

she offers, and says:—
"Let me pin this on your coat. It
may keep you in a good humor."
"How did you know I was angry, or

Then, breaking into a ringing laugh,

she trips away. After she leaves I am still standing on the gallery, leaning against a post, whipping myself with my riding whip, when out in the road in front of the house whom do I see but Pappoose on Dan, galloping wildy down the road! If the h re is tired there is no danger whatever; but if he is not, and gets the least bit excited, he will kick her. I start to

I go in to see her mother. She only "Don't fret yourself. If anybody or earth can ride him she can An hour afterward she is brought in limp and helpless and bleeding from a

stop her, but she has cassed in a minute

wound in her forehead. A plain room, with paper decora-ions. A cheerful fireside, an oldfashioned hearth, and a cozy arm-chair in which I am seated alone. No, not quite alone; for on a downy couch over against the window pane, where she first stamped her pretty feet, lies my little Pappoose, pale and thin and sad. She is sleeping now, her loose hair, like a shadowy covering, hides the fringed eyelids, and one fair arm is thrown over her head. Outside it is foot in the stirrup. 'Arrah!' said he, 'if snowing, cold and bitter. Her mother you are going to get on I will get off. has left me to watch her a moment. She has been very low, Dan having thrown her on a rock and almost crush ed her tender skull, "Concussion of the doctors said. Five days we have watched and waited, and she is still unconscious.

The weary hours we watch over our loved ones, ill or dying, are the most miserable of our lives. How we trem-ble at the senseless glance of the eye, the glow or pallor of the cheek, the wild mutterings of discontented dreams of delirium!

But to-day the weariness passed away as I heard Pappoose turn on her couch and say:
"Mr. Walter!"

Quick as thought I am by her side, and her hand is in mine. "Where is mamma?"

"She is down stairs, little Pappoose." "Why are you watching me? 'Because I love you, Pappoose." "Won't mamma do it?" "Yes, she has just left you. You

don't care for me staying with you, do "How long have you been here?"
"Only a few minutes."

"You had better go away. I am well."

I go out in the cold. I can't understand it. I believe Pappoose loves me, but she is so artless and childish in her manner that I cannot tell. For some reason I dare not ask her. I feel hurt, and yet I know not why. Her mother asked me to remain in the room a few minutes while she was sleeping. Was it maiden modesty, or does she dislike

I walked up the street with the snov drifting in my face, a north wind twist-ing my hair into curls with its cold fierceness. Two men in front of me, muffled up in warm ulsters, are talking rapidly as they hurry through the cold. One of them says:

She's a good one. That young fellow Bascom thinks he has got it all his own way; but wait till he goes and she'll come back to me quickly. Laura loves me better than any body else in the

My name is Walter Bascom, and Pappoose's name is Laura. My jealous fancy makes the application immediately. I follow them up, and stop the first acquaintance I meet to ask the names of the two men. One is a gambler, the other, who spoke of Laura, is the keeper of a variety theatre in the town; his

name is Joyce.

Maddened with pain and anguish, I retrace my steps. I tind Laura sitting up in bed, much better. She is not un-kind, but says: "Mr. Walter, I beg your pardon;

am very grateful for your kindness to "I am feeling mean, and I say:
"I would be glad to see you looking so well, but it seems Mr. Joyce would

be better pleased." How the dear, tender face, the piteous wail come back to me after the lapse of

Poor little Pappoose! She never spoke again. She is dead now and I never knew and never shall know whether my unkindness killed her or

It seems like a dream from which have awakened. The village is but a memory, the churchyard where Laura lies a myth; and Lulie, who is my wine now, kisses the sadness from my brow and says: "It was a dream, Walter—a lotus dream."

Anecdotes of Lincoln.

L. J. Cist has collected for a Cincin-23 years old, Lincoln was induced by his friends to run as a Whig candidate for the Legislature, and made his maiden speech as follows: "Gentleman, fellow-citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an

There is a tremulous motion about the an Irish laborer, John McCarty by name, on one side and the women on the other a red-hot Democrat. Shortly after the Presidential election, Mr. Lincoln was

walking past the public square, where John was at work cleaning out the gutter. As the President elect drew near, McCarty, pausing in his work and hold-ing out his hand, said, bluntly: "An' so yer elected President, are ye? Faith an' it wasn't by my vote ye wur." "Well, yes, John," replied Mr. Lincoln shaking hands very cordially, "the papers say I'm elected, but it seems odd I uld be when you went against me.' Well, Misther Lincoln," said John, dropping his voice lest some brother Democrat should hear him, "I'm glad you got it afther all. It's mighty little pace I've had with Biddy for votin' for-ninst ye, an' if ye'd-been bate she'd hev druv me from the shanty as shure's the wurruld." "Give my compliments to Biddy, John, and tell her I'll think serously of woman's suffrage," said Mr. Lincoln with a smile as he passed on to

his office. President Lincoln once said that the best story he ever read in the papers about himself was this: Two Quakersses were traveling on the railroad and were "How did you know I was angry, or in a bad humor?"

"Look at that chair;" and she walks over, picks up my fallen chair, sets it down strait with a thud, and with an air of intense anger, stamping her pretty foot, she says, "There now!"

Were traveling on the railroad and were heard discussing the probable result of the war. "I think," said one, "that Jefferson will succeed." Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is on-

ly joking," doubtfully replied the first After a State election in New York in which the Republican party was defeated, Mr. Lincoln was asked how he felt after having heard the news. He replied: "Somewhat like the boy in Ken-tucky who stubbed his toe while running to see his sweetheart. He said he was too big to cry, and too badly hurt to laugh

During the spring of 1864, a friend, in conversation with Mr. Lincoln about the approaching Presidential election. said nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, followed by his nomination and acceptance.
"Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

In the summer of 1862 Gen. McClellan wrote from the Peninsula a long letter to the President giving his advice as to the general politics of the country, and how to earry on the affairs of the nation. "What did you reply?" asked some one of Mr. Lincoln. "Nothing; but it made me think of the Irishman

Making Things Over.

Detroit Free Press. "Maria," said Mr. Jones one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now, there's my old clothes, why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?"
"Because they're worn out when

you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as

you are."
"Well," grumbled Jones, "I wouldn't have closets full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find, and turning things generally inside out.

"Maria!" he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?" "Made it over for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, where's the brown linen one I bought last summer "Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have some difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just

made it into a nice one!" "Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Jones. "Cut them over for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned her husband; then in a voice of thunder, "Where have my blue suspenders got to?"

"Hung the baby jumper with them."
"Maria!" asked the astonished man in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made at over for the baby, have you?"

"Oh! no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully "I've used it for a hanging basket. It is full of plants and looks

Mr. Jones never mentions the word economy or suggests making over-he has had enough of it.

NEW GUINEA.

Among the Man-Hunters of That Unciviliz-ed Island.

San Francisco Chronicle. The natives are generally hunters of human heads, and superstitious, but without idolatry or religion of any kind. though they hold the fig trae sacred. They adopted some of the habits of the Malays, in their way of living, growing tobacco in some cases, and cultivating sugar cane, the banana, Indian corn and beans. Mr. D'Albertis found the men handsomely adorned with feathers or with bracelets and necklace of shells. They also wore ear rings, and bracelets of silver and other metals. They used iron weapons, wooden lances pointed with cassowary bone, and bows and arrows. He found not less than five dialects, if not languages, spoken along the southwest coast.

At Ramoi, a li tle village but a few

years. She drops over like a flower cut down. Her breathing is faint, and we can see the pulsations through the residered to be of almost pure blance. With a small population, which he considered to be of almost pure blance. With yere of dark color, of low statrue, with tooly hair, small eyes, and flattened in ses. "They seemed to me," says the ac jenturer, "the poorest people in the wild, and the gloomiest. I was there a prinight, and never saw one of them la gh. They cultivate the earth and host with the bow and spear, followed

la ch. They cultivate the earth and hunt with the bow and spear, followed by numbers of dogs. They wear severwood amulets on their necks, wrapped in piece of cloth. They believe in wit heraft and the evil eye, and have a

a st ired place not far from the village into which I was never able to penetrate:

They bury their dead in the forest. On a grave I observed a broken jar, and asked a child, who was acting ati paper some interesting anecdotes of the martyred President. In 1832, when 23 years old, Lincoln was induced by his he was doing under the earth. He anhe was doing under the earth. He answered that he was sleeping; then, blowen his hands he lifted them up, at the same time raising his eyes towards the heavens." In other places, as among And her head nestled closer to my bosom and tears hung like dew drops on the fringed eyelids.

What can I do? A fly crawling about the room changed into a black-eyed, dark-haired little darling, and I put Lulie away from me gently.

"Lulie, I mean it. Forget the past; try to forge me."

She shivers just a little. The tear drops dry up like an April shower.

I have been solicited by my like an apply and solicited by my like an April shower.

I have been solicited by my like an apply and solicited by my like an apply solicited for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an in favor of a min favor of the inhabitants of the coast, a type of the inhabitants of the coast, a type of the mountain tribes. Occasionally, he met with men who had thick, short heards, and whose bodies were covered all over with kair having a reddish tint and the skin being very dark almost black. He was not elected at this time.

There resided at Springtield, in 1860, the Arfaks, a tribe taking their name from the mountain they inhabit, Mr. D' Albertis found a fine race, tall of stat-

eating apart. The people are polygamous, and obtain their wives by purchase. The aged men often have young wives. They live by hunting, and by cultivating bananas and yams, both grow and make tobacco, are hunters of human heads, and preserve the heads as trophies. They converse willingly, but are not noisy, and have a somewhat melancholy expression. Their chiefs have a right to the heads of the slain. After a certain fashion they believe in the immortality of the soul, at any rate in the continu-ance of existence after death which is inferred from their custom of supplying the graves of the departed with provisions, and from their exoreisms of the spirits of the slain. At the extreme southeastern limit of New Guinea, he found another mixture of type.

The people were lighter in color than he had heretofore seen on the island, and had more regular features. Mr. D'Al-bertis's general conclusion from this mixture of type is, that two races, perhaps equally savage and primitive, come in contact in New Guinea, in which the blending has taken place in a way to lead to wide departures from each original stock. The same general mixture was traced in the tribes found or the islands close to New Guinea. Everywhere he traveled he found the women in an inferior position. They were bandsomer than the mer, bad better physical development, but did the heavier ork, while Papuan husbands devoted themselves to hunting and fishing.

Usually they were nude to the vearing a light skirt across the hips, or simply a covering of leaves braided to-gether. They were always timid, and ran from the presence of white men as they would from mad-dogs. On Yule Island, which is separated from New Guinea by a strait only three or four miles in width. Mr. D'Albertis found numerous and populous villages. Although the inhabitants would rank as savages, their manners and customs were gentle, and they lived in a state of comparative well-being and happiness. The physical fact about them was that differed greatly from the inhabitants of the northwest part of N w Guinea, and seemed to be a mixed race not true Papeuns, by whom is meant the inhabitants of the northwest of the island, excepting the Malay population, who are beginning to colonize some part of that country.

The Way of It.

A farmer was once told that his turnip field hed been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensive man, by the name of Palmer who, many people of the village said, had taken away a wagon-load of turnips Farmer Brown, much exasperated at the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the law. With this intention he went to Molly Sanders, the washer-woman, who had been busy in spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Moly denied ever saying anything about a wagon-load of ternips. It was but a cart-load that had been taken, and Dame Hodson, the huckster, had told her so, over and over again. The farmer hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Saunders was always making things worse than they really were; that Palmer had taken only a wheelbarrow full of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor. Away went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor, who stoutly denied the account altogether. He had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, but how many he could not tell, for that he did not see himself, but was told by Tom Slack, the plowman. Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who in his turn de-clared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he had only said he had heard say that Barnes, the barber was the person who had told him about it. The farmer, almost out of patience at this account. hurried off to see Barnes, the barber, who wondered much that the people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which had no truth in them. He assued the farmer all he said about the matter, while he took off the seard of Tom Slack, was that, for all he knew, Palmer was as likely to pull up a turnip as his neighbor.

Sleep.

There is no danger of wearing this rhere is no danger of wearing this subject threadbare, for people are beginning to wake up to the fact that plenty of sleep is requisite to health, particularly in the case of brain-workers. The more sleep the brain gets the better it does the brain work. All great brain-workers have been great sleepers. Sir Walter Scott could never do with less than ten bours. A fool may want eight hours, as George III. said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are the men who could sleep at will. Thus it was with both Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the House of Commons have been the men who go to sleep there as much as they This explained the juvenility of the aged Palmerston. Sleep is in many cases the best of medicines. A friend told me that he treated mines large fever. He went to bed with a large fever. He went to bed with a large told me that he treated himself for a oitcher of lemonade by his side. drank and slept, slept and drank, till he drank and slept slept himself well again. When you take to your bed get all the sleep you can out of your bed-stead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveller's saying, you have to pay for a double-bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable You will be banking a whole store of recuperative energy. It is safe to say of any man that if he sleeps well he will

A colored man recently made application for a divorce from his wife. When asked on what ground he de-manded a divorce, he explained as folfows: "De ground on dis occasion is sufficient enough. When I rented 10 acres and worked one mule, I married a woman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent 60 acres of land and work five mules. My fust wife is a mighty good 10-acre wife, but she doesn't suit de occasion ob 60 acres. I needs a woman what can spread more."

A Fool Once More.

Free Press.

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H. W., Detroit, Mich.

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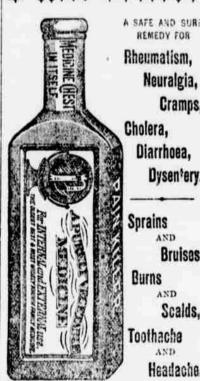
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